A maruellous Medicine to cure a great paine, If a Mayden-head be loſt to get it againe.

To a pleaſant new tune.

ONce buſie in ſtudy betwixt night and day,
with choyſe of inuentions I had in my minde,
And many odde matters my minde did aſſay,
but any to pleaſe me I could not well finde:
Then ſuddenly calling the noſe in the winde,
I ſmelt out a Medicine both precious and plaine,
How to help ſilly Maydens that had bin ſomwhat kind
to get by good order their Mayden-head againe.

Firſt the Mayde muſt be brought into a ſléepe,
(or three houres together before ſhe awake,
And ſeuen dayes after this dyet muſt keepe, (take,
with theſe kind of compounds the which ſhee muſt
Shee muſt eate neyther roſt-meate, ſod, neyther bake,
but all kinde of dainties ſhée muſt refraine,
Haue onely this medicine, the which if ſhee take,
then it will reſtore her Mayden-head againe.

The firſt day giue her the ſlime of an Eele, (bladder,
blowne through a Bag-pipe with the wind of a
With two or three turnings of a ſpinning wheele,
boyld in an Egge-ſhell, and ſtreind through a ladder:
The tongue of an Vrchin, the ſting of an Adder,
boyld in a blanket in a ſhowre of raine,
With ſeuen notes of muſicke to make her the gladder,
and it will reſtore her mayden-head againe.

The ſecond day giue her the péeping of a Mouſe,
with three drops of thunder that fals from the skie,
And temper it with three leapes of a Louſe,
and put therein three skips of a Flye,
With a gallon of water of a Widdowes eye, (ſlaine,
that weepes for her husband when death hath him
Let her take this medicine and drinke by and by,
and it will reſtore her mayden-head againe.

The third day giue her the chattering of a Sparrow,
roſted in a Pitten of vntan'd Leather,
Giue it her with the rumbling of a wheele-barrow,
and bake it with three pards of a blacke Swans fe-
The iuyce of a Whetſtone thereto put together, (ther,
with the fart of a Fryer brought hither from Spaine
Let her lay all theſe in an ell of Louſe leather,
and lay warme to her belly to helpe her great paine.

The fourth day giue her the ſong of a Swallow,
well tempered with Marrow wrung out of a log,
With three pound and better of Stock-fiſh tallow
hard fryed in the left horne of a Butchers blue dog,
With the gaggling of a Gooſe, & the friskes of a Frog
the bill of a ſhouell, or a Humble-bées braine:
Giue her this faſting, with the grunting of a Hog,
and it will reſtore her mayden-head againe.

The fift day giue her betwixt eight a clocke and nine,
ſome gruell of Grantum made for the nonce,
The braines of a birdbolt powdred very fine,
and beat in a Morter of Ginne-wrens bones,
Boyld in a nut-ſhell betwixt two mill-ſtones:
with the guts of a Gudgin before ſhe be ſtaine:
Let her be ſure to drinke all this at once,
and it will reſtore her mayden-head againe.

Now marke well the fyt day what muſt be her trade,
ſhe muſt haue a Woodcocke, a Snipe, or a Quaile,
Bak'd fine in an Ouen before it be made,
and mingle it with the blood of a Snaile,
With foure or five Inches of a Jacke-an apes taile:
what though for a while it put her to paine,
Yet let her take it without any faile,
and it will reſtore her mayden-head againe.

The ſeuenth day giue her a pound of Maydes moches,
brayd in a basket of danger and blame,
With conſerues of Colewarts bound in a bore,
to comfort her ſtomacke with the ſirrop of ſhame:
Although ſhe be paſt all hope of good name,
and vnto her honeſtie a very great ſtaine,
Let her take it to remedy the ſame,
and it will reſtore her mayden-head againe.

Loe theſe are our Medicines for Maydens each one,
which in their Virginitie amiſſe ſome what fell,
Pray you if euer you heare them make moans,
and gladly would know the place where I dwell,
At the ſigne of the Whip and the Eg-ſhell,
néere Pancake ally on Salisbury Plaine,
There ſhall they finde remedy eſſay this well
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158 A pleaſant Countrey Maying Song.

To the tune of the Popes Machina.

IN this merry Maying time,
Now comes in the Summer prime.
Countrey Damſels freſh and gay,
Walke abroade to gather May:

In an evening make a match,
In in a morning bowes to fatch.
Well is the that firſt of all,
Can her louer ſoneſt call,

Meeting him without the towne,
Where he giues his Loue a gowne.
Tib was in a gowne of gray,
Tom he had her at a bay.

Hand in hand they take their way,
Catching many a rundelay,
Greeting her with a ſmile,
Kiſſing her at every ſtile.

Then he leades her to the Spring,
Where the Primroſe reignath king.
Upon a bed of Violets blew,
Downe he throwes his Louer true.

She puts finger in the eye,
And checkes him for his qualitie.
She bids him to her mothers houſe,
To Cakes & Creame & Country louce.

He muſt tell her all his mind,
But ſhe will ſigh and ſtay behind.
Such a countrey play as this,
The maids of our town cannot miſs.

They will in a morning gay,
Decke themſelues and gather May.
Then they will goe crop the flowers,
Amongſt the leaues and Country bowers.

When our maidens meet together,
There is praying for faire weather.
Glad are they to ſee the Sunne,
That they may play when worke is don.

Some at Dancings make a ſhow,
If they can get leaue to goe.
Young men will for maidens ſakes,
Giue them Sugar, Creame & Cakes

With a cup of dainty Wine,
And it muſt be neate and fine.
Some of them for their good cheare,
Playes three quarters of a yeare.

Thou at the firſt I liked well,
Cakes and Creame do make me ſwell.
This pretty maiden trapeth by:
See what 'tis to play the Nig.

Up ſhe deckes her white and cleane,
To trace the medowes freſh and greene
Or to the good towne ſhe will goe
Where ſhe points to meet her friend.

Her gowne was tuckt abone the knee,
Her milkwhite ſmocke that you may ſee.
Thus her amorous Loue and ſhe,
Sports from eight a clocke till three.

All the while the Cucko'w ſings,
Towards the euening home ſhe flings,
And brings with her an Oaken bow,
With a Country Cake or two.

Straight ſhe tels a ſolemne tale,
How ſhe heard the Nightingale,
And how ech medow freſhly ſprings:
But yet not how the Cuckow ſings.

In the merry Maying time,
Loue is in her chiefeſt prime.
What for Gentlemen and Clownes,
Our country maids can want no gownes.

Sillibubs and dainty cheare,
Young men lacke not all the yeere.
All the maidens in the ſtreet,
With the bonny Ponkers meet.

All the while the graſſe is greene,
And the Daſſies grow betweene,
Dicke and Tom doe walk the fields,
Still to trip vp maidens heeles.

Thus the Robin and the Thrush,
Muſicke make in every buſh.
While they charme their pretty notes,
Young men hurle vp maidens cotes.

But 'cauſe I will do them no wrong,
Here I end my Maying ſong,
And with my friends take heed in time.
How they ſpend their Summers prime.

FINIS.

Printed at London for T. L.